The Diſaſtrous Knight; or the Sorrowful Adventures of Sir Chelſea Tax-Girl, Knight of the Key, and Guardian to the Small Beer Barrel.

A Certain Knight from Lincolnſhire,
Came up to London city,
On purpoſe for to ſhew his parts,
Good Lord! how wond'rous witty!
He flaſh'd away, no man more gay,
At home the caſe was alter'd,
At barring victuals, watching beer,
This Knight he never falter'd.
Full many a change of men he had,
Maid ſervants ſoon were quitting,
For there to ſtay and ſtarve their guts,
They thought it was not fitting,
But one more bolder than the reſt,
Rogue Jack they did him call, ſir,
He ſwore with pinch-gut he wou'd ſtay,
Whatever did befall, ſir.
On Monday Jack began his work,
On Tueſday he got thinner,
On Wedneſday he muſt hold a faſt,
On Thurſday had no dinner,
On Friday it no better was,
On Saturday not alter'd,
Quoth Jack I'll play this Knight a trick,
Tho' for it I get halter'd.
He went to Moſes Levy who
Had picklock keys in ſtore, ſir,
Who ſoon provided him with one
To ope the cellar door, ſir;
Alſo the cupboard 'twou'd unlock,
Then he might eat his fill, ſir,
To get himſelf in fleſh again,
His grinders ne'er ſtood ſtill, ſir.
Great devaſtation he did make,
His teeth were never quiet,
The ſmall beer it eſcap'd his rage,
Becauſe the ſtrong ſtood by it;
The Knight began to ſtorm and rage,
To find his cupboard plunder'd,
But how the devil it was done,
Sir Chelſea much he wonder'd.
But Jack ſoon found his ſchemes they were,
All drawing to an end, ſir,
Becauſe the Knight reſolved was,
The cupboard to defend, ſir;
Eight times a night from his warm bed,
Sir Chelſea down the ſtairs came,
Quoth Jack for this I'll play a trick,
And thus he plann'd his rare game.
He bought ſome cloth and made a dreſs,
Like Belzebub of old, ſir,
Long tail, large horns, and furious eyes,
Moſt dreadful to behold, ſir;
Arm'd with a whip in Kitchen ſtood,
At night Sir Chelſea came down,
Who when he ſaw this ſpectre grim,
Upright ſtood hair on his crown.
The Knight had only on his ſhirt,
Jack laſhed him with great fury,
In vain he loud for mercy begged,
For Jack was judge and jury;
At length his cries the ſervants heard,
Came down unto the place, ſir,
Befoul'd upon the ground he lay,
All in a woeful caſe, ſir.
They clean'd and brought him out of fits,
Up ſtairs did him convey ſtraight,
He vow'd the Devil play'd this trick,
And for him ſure did there wait.
But may all Maſters thus be ſerv'd,
Who bolt and bar the ſmall beer,
Had not Sir Chelſea been ſo mean,
He Belzebub need not fear.